

THE Moolah Shriner



Words and Music by

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THE "MOOLAH" SHRINER.

By W. M. PORTEOUS.

Kind friends come hear my sto-ry it will

not de-tain you long. And if you fol-low in my steps you'll not go ve-ry wrong. A

friend of mine he said to me why don't you join the shrine, And

so I fol-low'd his ad-vise. And had a glo-rious time. Now

CHORUS

I am a Shri - ner I join'd the jo - vial band. I

held the rope, I rode the goat. I cross'd the burn - ing sand. I

tra - vel'd on a Ca - mel I've seen the great Poo - Bah. So

I am a Shri - ner And a mem - ber of Moo - lah



They shampooed me, and shaved me clean ; and then they cut my hair,
And stuck a porous plaster on the places that were bare ;
They polished up my eye-brows, and they scrubbed my teeth with soap ;
They filled me up with GASOLINE, and told me " it was dope."

BUT — Chorus.

They shoved me through a key-hole, and they smashed me on the head,
And then across the " BURNING SANDS " they made me gently tread ;
A Camel hit me on the jaw, the swipe did make me sick ;
The WILD-ASS of the Desert sent me flying with a kick.

BUT — Chorus.

They squeezed me through a gas-pipe, and I caromed on a goat ;
I had to swallow " liquid air," they pushed it down my throat ;
I " shot the shutes." I " looped the lupes." Went up in a balloon.
I gamboled 'round the little stars, and flirted with the MOON.

BUT — Chorus.

They sent me home next morning, feeling " rather out of line,"
But still I felt, that all the same " I HAD A GLORIOUS TIME."
I told my wife my story, and she bathed my burning head,
Put vaseline upon my corns, and tucked me safe in bed.

BUT — Chorus.

But now it is all over, and I've nothing more to tell,
It took me just three solid weeks before I felt quite well ;
I feel another mortal now, I'm quite a diff'rent man,
Since I have joined the " SHRINER'S," and have quit the old time gang.

BUT — Chorus.

